GEORGE FOX COLLEGE LIBRARY
BJ1571.P32
Product and climax
3 5212 00 027143 7

The Art of Life Series

roduct and Climax

By Simon N. Patten

BJ
1571
.P32

3686

Patten, Simon Nelson

Product and climax

SHAMBAUGH LIBRARY
GEORGE FOX COLLEGE
NEWBERG, OREGON 97132

WITHDRAWN

DEMCO

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/productclimax0000simo

The Art of Life Series

Product and Climax

THE ART OF LIFE SERIES

Edward Howard Griggs, Editor

Product and Climax

BY

SIMON NELSON PATTEN

Shambaugh Library

NEW YORK
B. W. HUEBSCH
1909

WITHDRAWN

571
P32
X

Copyright, 1909, by
B. W. HUEBSCH

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Product and Climax

On the way home from my vacation last summer I began to struggle for a phrase which would contrast for me the mood of my travelling companions in the morning when we left our distant mountain camp, with that in which we approached the prosperous city where we were to spend the night. The changes we had undergone that day were for the worse in the ratio of the distance from our summer's resting place, and I was tormented by a desire to define the causes in a terse word or two. I asked myself: They were happy and free as they were leaving — what? And they became, without knowing it, formal and irritable as they returned to — what? It was such a familiar state of things, and one which so clearly shows the

3181

structure of our industrial civilization that I was provoked at my failure to grasp a concept and a contrast that ought to be as obvious as " book " and " idea."

After supper at a trustworthy old hotel I went out to walk on the main street, and observe a thriving town on a warm summer evening. Here, in a Puritan commonwealth, would be all the bulwarks of our best native culture, here the significant signs of progress in a town whose industries and cultural growths have developed without interruption during many generations. And in the warmth and physical ease that summer brings, the expression of a town's life would be spontaneous, so that one could see where its desires were leading as well as what desires it had expressed successfully in the past.

I found myself in the center of the town, on a brightly-lighted street thronged with summer girls in their pretty, trimmed clothes, with school

boys, children, country folks and working people. But this bright street seemed to have only one side: and the people's faces were turned one way; what were the forces which were thus attracting and controlling people of their own free will? And what lurked on the forsaken side of the street, where the occasional white flare of a street lamp fell upon closed windows, locked gates, shut doors and broad stretches of turf on which nobody walked? I crossed from the bright side to the dark side, and there, interspersed with comfortable homes, stretched in dull array the very Institutions of Civilization itself!

Here was the Library, spacious and solid, of pre-Carnegie architecture; I mounted the steps and read from a tablet in the wall that it had been erected by the citizens in 1835, and rightly proud they must have been of its Gothic and marbles. I read a card also, affixed to the spiked gateway fortifying the

heavy doors: "This Library closes at 5 P. M. during July, August and September. It is closed Sundays, holidays and Saturday afternoons." Beyond the Library was the High School, substantially built, designed to endure for many years, not grudged modern comforts by the tax-payers. It would be a matter of pride with them, I was sure, to have the best equipped school in the State, and to see to it that the gravelled walks were neatly weeded during the months when they were not in use. Yet this great agent of civilization, the measure by which western nations tell off their progress, seemed lazy and indifferent: I could use it in no way except to sit on its steps and watch life on the other side of the way — and the steps were dusty. Its inhospitable air hurried me on to a cosy dwelling under elm trees, its small diamond panes twinkling with lights and the gate of its picket fence invitingly ajar.

But as I paused, a policeman crossed the street, closed the gate, tried the catch and looked at me as if to say: How came that gate open? Then I saw that the cosy lights were but reflections and I learned that the house was once the home and is now the memorial of a famous poet. Summer travelers make a point of visiting it, the policeman said, and it would be worth my while to stay over to see the great man's cradle and his grandfather's clock. I could not stay over, I objected, whereupon he replied severely that it was worth patronizing, if only for the sake of the public-spirited committee of leading ladies who opened it daily from two to five. This policeman had a keen sense of his duty and in his eyes I felt myself so lacking the qualities of a proper citizen that I admiringly asked the name of the church not far beyond the colonial home of the poet. "That," he said more affably, "is the Old First Church, built in 1798,

and the statue in front is of its great minister, who preached from 1800 to 1850." "Have you a good man now?" I asked idly. "Fair," he replied, "but the church is closed during the summer, you know."

I thanked him and approached the rich and graceful building. Its windows on one side looked down darkly upon the graves of men who had found comfort and solace and ideals here: through a small chapel door on the other side I peered in upon the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. A dozen elderly people were scattered in the pews, holding hymn books askew and singing from memory, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," How stagnant this place was, and how perfunctory the duty paid there! Depression of spirit came upon me as I watched the little band; and it deepened when my glance passed from them to the heroic statue with arm uplifted in a vigorous, authoritative bless-

ing upon the town. Here was a vital force — but it was caught in bronze; it had been arrested at a long past moment and I could only wonder what the old man would have said now of this town, which, it was clear from his attitude, he had both dominated and understood.

Life eddied about his feet, but no longer heeded him; the factory hand and girl in muslin passed him by. He had kept a long watch near the end of the deserted side and he might have preached a searching sermon from some text on light and darkness. Yet I could not imagine what words would fall from the good man's lips, and my own failure to find my enlightening phrase still bothered me. At that moment, as I was about to cross the street, my eye fell upon the sign above a cobbler's shop in a small house next the church. It read: "The Right Shop on the Wrong Side." Here was a text! It lay under the minister's very hand, touched up with an

electric bulb or two, and with a dynamic quality that halted me as if it were a warning more true and vivid than any that would be offered next door. The "wrong side," where all the right things were assembled! If library and school, the art of poetry, and the practice of religion constituted the wrong side in the cobbler's opinion with such force that he dared to say it, what made the other side the right one?

It was festooned with lights and cheap decorations meant only for fair weather; the doors of shops stood wide open, and soda-water fountains were crowded with boys and girls; there were fruit and nut stands, popcorn wagons decorated with flags, ice cream parlors with every table filled, and people waiting their turn over by the candy counter; beside penny shows and the gay vestibules of Nickel theatres. Opposite the barren school yard was the arcaded entrance to the Nickelodeon, finished in white stucco, with the ticket sell-

er throned in a chariot drawn by an elephant trimmed with red, white and blue lights. A phonograph was going over and over its lingo, and a few picture machines were free to the absorbed crowd which circulated through the arcade as through the street. Here were groups of working girls — now happy "summer girls" — because they had left the grime, ugliness and dejection of their factories behind them, and were freshened and revived by doing what they like to do. There was nothing listless, nothing perfunctory here: the caustic cobbler might well wish that the interest, enthusiasm and vivacity parading past the opposite windows would bring some boots to his bench.

He was, perhaps, the first man of those whose business was established on the dark side to observe that things have greatly changed — he was certainly the only one who would thus candidly admit it. Like factories in the dull season,

the institutions of progress — the conserving moral agencies of a respectable town — have their shutters down and nobody needs their wares. The splendid old man in bronze, now helplessly fronting the cobbler's impious declaration and watching the changes in his loved town, would, in his time, have been astonished if his congregation had voted to close the church for the summer. Neither would the congregation have thought of doing it, because all believed that the church shaped the upbuilding forces of the town. The minister was constructive morality; he knew what was needed by his people to establish them in happiness, prosperity and peace. He worked for it, and therefore, knowing it and working for it, he did not think of stopping three months a year. His town needed Salvation and needed it until it came.

A live issue makes a continuous fight; and live issue in the old hero's day was the sentence to perdition of those who

did not incessantly labor to save their own and other's souls. They recognized it, feared it, and fought to establish men in the Heavenly Kingdom. The two great obstacles to spiritual welfare in his era were Original Sin and Eternal Punishment, and the program of work necessary to overcome them and effect the Soul's Salvation was clear, concise and admitted no delay. Social Salvation and an earthly democracy antedating the admission to the Heavenly Kingdom have now appeared as religious issues, but the programme has not been clearly framed nor have the obstacles that oppose them been visualized by pew and pulpit as Satan and Hell have been.

However, the stalwart old minister, leader of men and warrior upon the evils of this generation, could not say now that the townspeople are headed toward perdition. He would have to admit that so far as he could see — he could see then, remember, only after the grime

and monotony of their life work is laid aside for the day — that they got on very well with the prohibitory moral agencies in darkness. I, too, had been forced to note in my walk that the educational system of which I am a part is less necessary to the people than is the reward of the recreation they rush toward after the stupefying day at toil, that means nothing to them but bread. I, too, saw that they got on very well when they were let alone. We were both forced to acknowledge that the people are as good, as simple, and as childlike in their clean pleasures as they have ever been, and that hundreds walk the streets filled with great vitality who need what the street offers more than they need us. They need the arcade side, the Midway Plaisance reliefs, the stimulation of pleasure — the only part of life for which there exists no distinctive institution.

Now let us wait a few weeks. The

time of high vitality will be past, and that of lowered resistance to industrial civilization will be here. Industry itself will now begin to sap vitality by its grind upon men, a grind that is unremitting without assuring steadiness of work that speeds up to the last notch of human energy as it presses harder and faster upon men for their output. The balance which nature even in the city partially maintains in summer is destroyed in winter. Then there is a lessening of the ruinous pressure of work — it is more like work and less like overwork; and there is a spreading out of population in effect if not in reality. Easy transportation with some pleasure at the end of the route relieves the overwhelming congestion of winter. But when bad weather comes the rewards of work that Nature gave in summer at brief intervals — warm evenings of free movement, country holidays, boat excursions, Sunday

picnics — are taken away and costlier, physically less refreshing amusements partially replace them. All classes of workers begin to lose ground, and give way more and more as they are forced onward, dulled by the monotony of work. Watch the crowds coming from the factories at six o'clock on a raw February day. They are grimy with the stuffs they have turned over since seven o'clock. They have not understood the relation of these materials to their lives in the way that they understand the relation of themselves to their lodge, their trade union or their church, so their work cannot give them in a month the stimulating connections with producing groups that a single hour can give outside them.

At the end of the day they have taken so many thousand stitches in so many shirts; or they have sewed on a gross of buttons; or a bolt of cloth has gone through their hands: that is the

beginning of it and the end of it for them, and it has no further bearing upon them than as a growing sum of losses of vitality, of ambition and imagination. They replace these losses as best they can in the real business of their life which is crowded into the narrow margins left from toil.

At the end of the day they come, then, to their genuine life with the handicaps of production visible to all: passers-by draw back in distance from the grime upon them, from their dirty faces dulled and drowsy in bad air, their reddened eyes, their rude rush away from the factory prison, and the horse-play that limbers tired muscles and relieves taut nerves. They had entered the doors in the morning clean, quiet, self-respecting workmen; they go out bearing marks of degradation which no preacher of thrift and sobriety has yet undertaken to frame into a text upon the ennobling influences of labor. It is when the

streams of fatigue, dejection, indifference, bitterness and disease have begun to pour forth into the streets, when men and nature are losing place, that the dark side of the street brightens up and the moral agencies take heart again. Here is their constituency, the devitalized, and now they may deliver their message to those whose battle against industrial civilization calls for the solace of religion and the alms of charity. In the autumn the church reorganizes its various aid societies and calls its different meetings to order. The members undertake with zest to make so much of clothing for the poor, to pack so many boxes for their missionaries, to raise a relief fund for the out-of-work and sick laborers of their town mission chapel. They offer with eager and hearty social emotion to act as a bureau of repairs for victims of conditions which make new victims to take the

place of those fed, clothed and encouraged to return whence they came.

The Salvation Army comes to town to recruit among the defiant, the frightened and the refugees. The drums beat joyfully in the presence of the downcast and debauched. On bad nights the full corps turn out, for souls are more readily saved in storms and the worse the winter the fuller the ranks of the redeemed.

The charitable societies open their doors with a pleased flourish when applications for aid begin to come in. The library is well patronized by leisurely citizens and by the school children — especially on dark stormy days — but it is regretted that the factory workers are so little disposed to use its advantages, passing it by, indeed, for the saloon, or falling asleep under the improving Parthenon frieze at the hour of eight.

Moral agencies are incomplete so long as they are merely shelters against dangers made by disease, misery, crime and vice. They serve but negatively as devices for protection, like prisons, churches and philanthropies, or as preparations to meet dangers, as do the schools. They will not be complete until they become concrete expressions of happiness, security and pleasure in life. At present they actively deprecate the development of men through pleasure as the Church does, or they ignore it, depending upon discipline and penalty as does the school. Children rush from the class-room as eagerly as men from factories. All are repressive instead of expressive institutions, with their remote origins in the necessities of people who were beginning to suffer under their work and to be exploited for the sake of their product. It is this merciless grinding out of product that depresses men and makes the dark side of the street; it is

the eager demand for climaxes of satisfaction that renews men and makes them throng the bright side. *Product and climax:* this was the contrast I sought. I turned it over and over in my mind fitting it here and there into the pictures of the city's crowds and of my travelling companions that day. It explained them both and I enjoyed applying the terms to the day's interesting events.

For three months we had been living on the wooded shores of a beautiful pond, strangers before but free and easy companions after the first evening of chat about our common purposes in coming to this rude place. We were busy from morning till night without the discipline of an overseer or the bribe of the paymaster. Both of these middlemen were eliminated because life was so arranged that the climaxes of our work were immediate, frequent and complete. The fish rose to our hooks after a two mile row; the fire blazed

after toil with the axe; we understood our product and consumed it at the end of our day and therefore we needed no repressive moral agency in our little world. There were twenty-five cabins on the shores of the pond with a population of about one hundred which shifted once or twice a month from June to October. We were of all sorts, from the fat sportsman recovering from dissipation to the pallid school teacher suffering from a nervous breakdown. No selective principles worked toward the homogeneity of the group, and its standards were in fact rather more diverse than are those of an average city neighborhood.

There was something however in the state of mind of the little community, some common hope of the regeneration we were about to undergo in the "natural" life that socialized us to a degree frequently pronounced impossible and visionary when extreme democracy

or moderate socialism are under discussion. We were, indeed, too highly socialized to lock our doors; and we practiced co-operation so thoroughly that two rules sufficed to keep order in camp.

RULE I

Don't bring in more fish than the cook needs

or

(*Product without climax is purposeless*).

RULE II

Don't shoot in front of the cabins

or

(*Climax must be social*).

These two rules preventing overproduction and accidents were posted by our host years ago and they had sufficed to keep order ever since. There is more philosophy in them than is manifest at first reading for they set off the things that men must do from what nature

would do for them if they followed her lead. If an advanced industrial community were to prevent overproduction and accidents our present artificial morality with its manifold prohibitions would soon be outgrown. They are necessary only for men of a defective development or for those depressed and devitalized by the pressure of industrial conditions.

Our departure from camp was an event that brought together the whole population. There was an abundance of willing aid and of hearty good cheer as we started on our rough buckboard journey through the woods. A mother, nurse and three children were stowed in one, and a retired Admiral was in another with the baggage. The boys jumped on and off, darting into the woods or clambering over the trunks. The little girl shouted and sprawled while the mother smiled to see "how well she felt." The Admiral was in

high spirits, swapping yarns with the driver in the genial manner which made the guides pronounce him a first-rate fellow. The Admiral refused to wear a collar or an overcoat. "This fine air can't hurt anybody," he said. "Let's keep in undress spirits."

But when we boarded the combination freight and passenger train fifteen miles from camp a subtle change set in. The mother warned the boys to remember their manners and worried because they leaned out of the window. The nurse tried to keep the little girl quiet with a picture book and the rest of us looked about for reading matter. The delights and interests of natural life were already vanishing. The Admiral sat alone and eyed the baggage suspiciously. We were beginning to be strangers, to fall under old conventions, to suffer under old restraints. After we changed cars again and entered the vestibuled Pullman, our deterioration

Shambaugh Library

went on more rapidly. The maid took her place as a menial, the mother felt the burden of motherhood resting heavily and admonished the boys not to whistle. The Admiral went into the dressing room and came out in starched linen and a very high collar. He sent for three newspapers and turned his back to everybody. Before long he began to peer over his shoulder and order the porter to look for that draught which was enough to give us all pneumonia.

The little girl became an object of suspicion. The nurse smoothed her down and dusted her off and twitched the loose ends. But the child's natural vivacity overflowed and the irritated nurse at length lifted her up and set her down hard, the poor little legs stiff and straight on the uncomfortable seat. "You sit still!" was the order. The little thing looked up in utter amazement. And then she began to cry.

She would have cried louder if she had known that for many months to come she must continue to be an unnatural, pining and dishonest little citizen, becoming less and less what a little citizen ought to be until her mother says in June that they must get out of the dreadful city into the normal life or there will be a sick baby on their hands.

So now when the vacation is ended and the climaxes for which we have worked for nine months, have passed, our party calls on all the repressive agencies of society to keep it going until Nature once more replenishes our losses. Society begins to threaten, and to drive men from their product. The policemen must be within call; the doctor is necessary, for the whole family has begun to sneeze — the sneeze is a symptom of morality — and people isolate themselves from each other. Product as it is now organized, Product that does not culminate at once in

Climax brings with it ill nature, fatigue, suspicion and strain. Is the other man doing his share? we ask. If he is hanging back, or lazy or tired he ought to be speeded up again. But did we ever ask if our neighbor was being made to bring in his share of the fish from the pond? We continue, however, our struggle to suppress the disorders of ill-regulated production in the form of epidemics of grippe, anæmia, truancy, laziness, vagrancy, brain fag from overwork, nervous prostration from underwork, until at the end of a winter of colds and prohibitions we begin to reverse the process.

The Pullman train releases the children from one set of injunctions and the narrow gauge train bears us all to another plane of vitality. The buckboards finally set us free and the little girl is dusted and jerked no more. There is now order and expression with two laws, instead of disorder and sup-

pression with a thousand. And the release is effected without a jar. The mental train of thought is merely switched to another track, and off we go upon the new route toward pleasure and rest upon the assumption that our neighbors will not destroy our common state of contentment. A contented man needs no restraints, and without consciously reasoning about it we believe that he will not go very far wrong. On the other hand, the conscious moralists multiply restraints, fearing that if people are let alone they will do many wrong things, which, if we really did let them alone, they would not do at all. There is no need of the restraints which are thrown about them like a net; if they do wrong it is not because the net itself is too weak to hold them back from natural evil. Their environing conditions are bad and coerce them into like deeds.

If this is true, the moral agencies

should concern themselves less with deeds, the effects, and more with situation, the cause; and the power which is spent now in saying, "Thou shalt not," should be spent in changing the situation. Natural morality is action, not negation; for action alone effects change. Let alone the vices derived from situation and many of them will disappear. But has natural morality no prohibitions which are vital prohibitions aimed not at men but at conditions? Cannot morality give the names of sins to the situation into which a man is born as well as to the deeds he does? Yes, it may find two vital negations upon which it may turn the energies it now spends in policing and exhorting men; for overwork and overcrowding are the source of the stream of small offenses against which we barricade ourselves with the thousand laws.

As the old minister believed that the wickedness of unregenerate man would

not cure itself if let alone and that therefore the church must never be closed to him, so now the evils of the unregenerated city cannot be let alone, and the moral agencies must be alert to battle with them.

When these evils are prohibited we will find ourselves doing very well with two rules for the town.

CAMP COMMUNITY

Do not bring in more fish than the cook needs.

TOWN

Do not overwork the producer of wealth.

Or:

Product that weakens its producer is murder.

CAMP

Do not shoot in front of the cabins.
(*There is plenty of room elsewhere*)

TOWN

Do not crowd the producer of wealth.

Or:

Product that steals space from climax is theft.

Overwork and overcrowding rob men of climax, without which men cannot progress. More than that, they cannot hold their own without it, nor use the facilities that grew from the powerful climaxes by which society was first formed. It is trite to repeat that the primitive world was full of swift dangers and sudden delights. The contrast I want to make is between the method by which the primitive man fought the universal poverty of his world and that by which the machine producer fights his poverty world today. The members of the first conquered the situation by action: those of the second are forced to meet it with in-

action. The one developed resourcefulness, strength, suppleness and skill; the other suppresses them. The generic distinction between then and now is this: There was climax without product in the primitive age and there is product without climax in the industrial age.

The hunt for big game was a stimulus to the whole man, a contest of wits which developed him as sports do now; but the hunt for a city job is a depressant, a sedentary contest with intangible unseen odds. All men then fought universal danger in active work marked by climaxes. Sitting still at a machine or desk nine hours a day is not difficult enough to keep the faculties in good condition. There was climax in getting the honey of wild bees and in saving a berry patch from bears, but there is no climax in trying to wrest wheat from the elevators of a distant dealer in corners. He cannot be dealt a face to face blow or outwitted as the bears and

bees could be. Producers do not yet understand how to make weapons out of their citizenship as their primitive ancestors understood how to use their stone implements.

The citizen now tries to overcome the wheat corner by adding more hours to the monotony of his routine, and by sitting longer in his office or at his machine. The natural primitive climax would lie in storming the wheat elevator — the civic socialized one in a trial of manhood wits at the polls. Legitimate climax is contained in the untried resources of a passionate citizenship, but citizenship is the complex end of a series of preparatory climaxes. We cannot release product from its false position as the foremost factor in national welfare until we encourage, refresh and educate ourselves by means of organized climax. The preparatory series is traceable now, and many new Americans do pass through it into

partial citizenship. Let us outline them in a rough way.

The first kind common to all and deriving much of its power through contrast with the ugly toil on the other side of its thresholds, is the commercialized street itself. It contains the primary elements of climax. In their lowest form they destroy as do the saloon and other resorts frankly depending for private gain upon debasing appeals to pent up passions. They destroy by thrusting depressed men further and further into physical and mental degradation. The lowest form is strong in proportion as the other phases of the street are weak, and it is probably due to the business monopoly of all the street all the time that there is more public drunkenness and mischief on American streets than on European.

The street is the city man's substitute for Nature's highways of forest and stream and the city boy becomes as adept

in its lore as the savage does upon the hunting trail. It has come up, in America, a neglected commercialized growth, which does not satisfy men's desire for the surprises, varieties and stimulants of their first run-ways. Some of the continental nations intelligently adapt their streets to pleasure: they place seats beneath the trees; open the churchyards for lounging places; make tiny park-like shelters of the strip of turf through the middle of the broadest avenues; and close certain streets to wagon traffic at noontime in order that workers may use them as their playgrounds. In America no ordinances protect the child at play and there is no idea of turning commerce aside to make a play spot for him. The street attracts, but no one can enjoy it without ready money and no city has yet succeeded in separating municipal privileges from the private enterprises that tax pedestrians all they can afford

to pay. We must make of our streets an Institution that shall express, direct, and gratify men's thwarted necessities for vital excitement as definitely as the church has been used to express his longings for spiritual excitements.

The next higher form of climax lies in the melodrama and its allied cheap shows of which the newest kind, the nickel theatre, has a novel importance. It is the first amusement to occupy the economic plane that the saloon has so long exclusively controlled. Its enormous popularity is proof that it appeals to the foundation qualities of men. It is moreover upbuilding, for the pictures of exciting adventures rouse the imagination and concentration which have lapsed in humdrum toil. It is accused of immoral suggestion: the suggestion however is chiefly in the wording of the titles, and the real test of immorality, which is destruction or construction of power, altogether fails. Such a test,

naturally, lies in the later effects. If the man goes to the saloon he is "let down" and debilitated afterward; he becomes irritable or confused. There is no such reaction after the cheap show; the glow lasts, subsiding slowly as the memory of the thrilling rescue or the bad man's capture is overlaid by new sensations. The watcher thinks with purpose, following a story which either has a plot or else holds his attention by showing novel scenes of travel among alien people. He can rest, be warmed, find the companionship of the like minded, and spend half an hour in either the nickel theatre or the saloon for the same price. A conservative estimate puts the number of people in New York City who daily visit the Nickelodeon at 200,000. On one New York street there are five Nickelodeons each having a capacity of 1,000 persons per hour and open from morning until midnight. In the crowded quarters they are almost

as numerous as the saloons, and if their popularity continues they will soon outnumber them. Saloon keepers, says an investigator, are already complaining that their trade is injured by them.

Miss Jane Addams would give to physical sport the place which I have assigned to cheap shows. And this would be the natural place for it, I agree. Primitive men thought through their bodies before they thought through their imaginations; that is, they acted events before they sat down to watch others perform. Physical sport out of doors to-day would also be the natural corrective of the sedentary life of indoor workers. But we are confronted by the fact that there is not now, and is not likely to be for many years, any system of sport that will compare with the theatre in its present organization and accessibility. Great numbers of people easily obtain and are continually influenced by the cheap theatre; compar-

atively few are stimulated by its natural forerunner, physical play, because there is so scanty equipment for it. To make it a persuasive influence we must first secure an improved general organization of the city — in fact, a geographical reorganization of it, fundamental enough to replace whole areas of dwellings with parks, narrow streets by boulevards, shipping ways with boating courses and construct gymnasiums and baths extensive enough for many thousand people. In the meantime the actual lift is made by the existing well organized and numerous centers of mimic deeds of virtue and prowess. To close them would be to leave the five-cent pleasure seekers with no alternative but the saloon or street.

The melodrama is a sentimental farce of real worth and after it the next actual reality is athletic sport as it is practised in base ball grounds where thousands may look on, in the contest on play-

grounds, in Y. M. C. A. gymnasiums, and by clubs and guilds. Sport means voluntary group organization and therefore yields a new and higher form of climax, although it is based on the earliest form of human — and animal — stimulation. But it has also a late social form in that the climax does not depend chiefly upon individual isolated pleasure as it does in the street or at the play. The excitement now centers upon the personal relationship; man faces man, peers meet in a relation that is fixed by rules which they have previously agreed to obey. The man on the street or in the theatre may be moral or not, honest or tricky, it is immaterial; but in sport he must be aware of moral concept and he must act upon code. He is now conscious of social order in climax.

From these social organizations climax passes into institutional activities where one becomes more and more in-

terested in what his fellows do. This form of climax is best expressed now in that varied group of pleasures which we may call the summer outing of social clubs. It is, so far, the final step in socialization through climax. Like-minded people now take initiative in making their own recreations, and the first strivings of the coöperative spirit begins to compact loose and formless masses. A chance Sunday picnic given by a political organization, or the excursions of a philanthropy are seeds in the minds of the partakers which grow into their own outings. Nothing less than practice in democracy can make their own "pleasure social" succeed, for there must be a regular, officered organization to plan and execute a clambake, a park dance, or an all day jaunt to some lakeside resort. The kind of summer outing, however, which takes people into new scenes for a week or more, is a recent extension of the simpler

day trips which is growing rapidly and is at the same time calling for a larger use of democratic ideas.

Many settlements are applying as much energy in summer to their coöperative vacation country houses as they give in winter to their more paternal and formal classes. Church guilds and big clubs for boys and girls are establishing permanent summer quarters where self-government in recreation is permitted. Camps multiply in the woods and by the streams within $2.00 or $3.00 worth of distance from cities; and here the winter's most unruly individualistic members of the transplanted body become watchers and warders over their own farmhouse or tent. Experience brings them a lively conviction that certain interactions do somehow make an art of living; and they undertake to practice it after they have begun to pay nominal board in their "own house," and to do their housework by

the shortest and least destructive route.

Each day of the coöperative summer outing of the newsboy and cash girl, the young tailor and milliner, the overworked father and routine-broken mother is filled with restful climaxes that bring order with them as they did to the sixty families around my own mountain pond. Jew and Italian, Irish and Pole live together for a fortnight without policeman, a precedent which they tend to follow under winter's nagging circumstances. They have found a new interpretation of life through climaxes enjoyed together, and enlightened by it they move on to intelligent, self-molded citizenship. The civic life of workers who are submerged by their product is in practice limited to conditions existing in a tenement house, a street, a precinct and more remotely in the ward. Citizenship must begin as the state of mind of a few; but states of mind do not thrive in factories, for

mind functions well only under the spur of new and varied impressions: but the coöperative idea which was planted in the gay Sunday afternoons under the trees fifty miles from town may become forceful citizenship when transplanted into school or neighborhood affairs and from these into conscious attempts to improve the conditions under which the the producers toil. Their own citizenship must rescue them from the dead line of product beyond which the millions do not pass: for other men are slow to attack evils that do not seem to threaten themselves.

I stopped at this point in my writing because the college bell began to ring. Like other workers, I have been submerged under a load of daily tasks that take my time, depress my spirits and destroy the vivid imagination that the summer vacation evokes. There is thus a hiatus I can not fill, for the easy flow of

thoughts and words has gone with summer's vitality, and I am once more a moralist inclined to debate rather than to picture. So I shall let what was written stand, even if defective, for were I to change it, I should in my present mood transform it into an argument. Perhaps some good may come of this as the reader may then judge whether he prefers the moralized man of February to the socialized man of a summer camp. I now think in the terms of the lecture room, and with the sharper contrasts it promotes. The pictures of summer sink into mere words in winter, but in this there is some advantage if it brings me nearer the mood of the audience I wish to reach.

We have been so insistent on moralizing the race that we have overlooked the resulting physical depression. To incorporate more of the good into our lives raises our physical tone and helps to create a morality that consciously

avoids pain. Is this new desire for pleasure, amusement and life dangerous, or can our moral and religious agencies be so transformed that they will express the climax of the new, instead of the monotony and restraint of the old? The old world of pain is gone, except as it is perpetuated in the overwork of our factories and workshops. If this grim, sordid depression were removed, would men sink into vice and disorder, or would they rise to new levels of sobriety, morality and religion? We all know that pain can create a morality: Is there also a moral tendency in the growth of pleasure?

As my mood is argumentative, I shall state my thesis at the outset. Good pleasure displaces poor pleasures. The poor appeals by quantity; the good by climax. Pay men off at the end of a day with product and they sink; pay them in a climax and they rise to a new concept of life. End to-day with an in-

tenser climax than yesterday and you are better. End it with more product and you are worse. The moral rule is not the greatest good for the greatest number, but the most effective climax for all. The intenser pleasure will be chosen if the way is open. The morality of pain and restraint are effective only when they put a pressure on mere quantitative pleasures. If growing climaxes will also effect this, a new scheme of salvation is opened up that again puts religion in touch with humanity. If we throw aside words and picture the realities they should represent this new thought as but an expansion and better expression of the old, for we are merely using new mechanisms to excite old feelings. The climaxes of the primitive world were in the form of bears, lions, famine, earthquakes, disease and other crude and forceful shocks with which the primitive world was overstocked. Every day had its intense moments when real dan-

gers had to be warded off, and its victories that gave immediate gratification. In these moments of climax the intensity of life gained at the expense of its quantity, and under its influences men were transformed from cowardly brutes into heroes and masters of nature. The control of nature, however, took away the bears, famines, and other stimuli to intense action, and put in their places the plodding, habitual life of early civilization. To this man of habit and ceremony, religion came with its miracles and inspiration, which gave the same shock and opened up the road to intense action, just as bears and earthquakes had done to primitive men. They lived again in the freedom from habit that religion gave, and they grew under its inspiration just as their ancestors had done when in direct contact with nature. When religion restored the climaxes that habit and routine destroyed, the product of each day sank out of sight when com-

pared with the climax of a future life. Miracles have, however, now lost their force, just as bears ceased to arouse our ancestors when freed from the dangers of the primitive world. The elimination of miracles and inspiration shuts out climax in the modern world just as the habit and routine of ancient civilizations shut out the climaxes of primitive men. The dead monotony of product has been restored, which is good in so far as it removes pain and struggle, but which is bad in so far as it has removed the goal towards which men strove in moments of inspiration. Instead of ending the day with an upward curve of joy, men end it in weary depression and awake not rested, but with a feverish discontent. Changing product into environment causes evils to disappear, but there is no corresponding method of transforming more product into increased pleasure. More good things

will not elevate in the same way that fewer bad things relieve.

To free ourselves from this situation is no slight task, yet the principle involved is not difficult to state. Product by itself has a mere material value, which falls off with an increase in amount. But product may be so arranged and coördinated that it evokes increasing interest, and then we have a climax beginning an upward movement that intensifies psychic values. Through climax pleasure and thought transform themselves into motor reactions, and thus generate will-power. Through depression men sink into pessimism and superstition. Climax thus strengthens the will which depression weakens, because it destroys the connection between appreciation and activity. Will-power is a positive element — a real biologic character that appears as the culmination of normal development.

Vices are in reality defects, not characters; they indicate a premature stoppage of the full normal growth that evokes virtue and strengthens the will. A fuller development, a greater will-power and more virtue are bound together by natural causes, and there is no way to get one without the others. For like reasons, retarded development, loss of will and more vice go hand in hand. We strengthen the will not by discipline, but by giving the conditions for normal growth. There is no specific remedy for a weak will nor for vice. The road from vice is the road to complete development. Other paths and all repression only change its form.

Climax, vivid attention, strenuous bodily coördination are members of a series each of which leads to the next, and together they transform men from sensual brutes to the highest products of civilization. Vivid mental images do for the modern world what bears and

miracles did for our ancestors. They socialize impulse by making it come at the end of an upward movement in interest instead of at the beginning. No evil results from strong impulses, if they are aroused at the end of a rational process like that by which a climax is reached. A wave of intense feeling coming as a relief from depression is crude and brutal, but when it is really an uplift of spirit and enthusiasm, it socializes passion and makes it an agent of progress instead of its destroyer. Life can therefore be so coördinated that men move upward through the increase of its climaxes, or it can be so disorganized that tone and vigor are lost. The resulting changes in psychic values give a natural basis to morality. The creation of psychic values is *inspiration:* the loss of psychic values is *degeneration:* the restoration of psychic values is *regeneration:* We call ourselves inspired when we attain some new form of sustained attention

and the resulting firmer coördination of bodily powers: We call ourselves regenerated when some primitive form of sustained attention is revived. When we lose primitive coördinations or fail to keep active those we have acquired, we are degenerate. The moralization of religion has separated it from amusement, and the discipline of modern armies has submerged the element of sport formerly so prominent. This result has happened as a natural consequence of evolution, for the intensifying of amusement makes it moral, and the intensifying of sport transforms it into discipline. Each superior type of amusement awakens more of the whole man, and when he is fully aroused we have the moral man.

The present situation is unsatisfactory because we compromise between opposing schemes of morality instead of rigidly excluding the old and giving a firm adhesion to the new. Character, for

example, is thought of as resistance, struggle and sacrifice on the one hand, and as activity, hope and faith on the other. We hold to ceremony as the basis of religion, and want the inspiration that comes only by breaking through established routine. We talk much of the sweet uses of adversity and hardship, and at the same time we desire good physical conditions and are eager to participate in movements eradicating the evils that made adversity seem sweet, hardship a necessity. We want our children to retain the plasticity of youth, and yet we believe in a disciplinary education and love to put them at difficult tasks having no end but rigidity of action and a narrower viewpoint. At the same breath we ask for heroes and demand more democracy. In all these and many other ways we want the restraint and discipline of the old, and yet are keenly desirous of the plasticity, efficiency and vigor of the

new. There is no better way of making this clear than by giving a table that puts the contrasted concepts in parallel columns.

DEFICIT	SURPLUS
pain	pleasure
will-power	improved conditions
punishment	social standards
struggle	coöperation
a strenuous life	a normal life
revolution	revelation
discipline	inspiration
renunciation	achievement
mystery	science
unworldliness	foresight
charity	thrift
sacrifice	generosity
fear	good-humor
depression	hope
humility	faith
prayer	praise
the marvelous	the dramatic
miracles	ideals
hero worship	love of humanity
heaven	utopia
salvation	merit
atonement	regeneration
hell	overwork
sin	misery

In scanning this table the reader may decide that many of my contrasts are imperfect, and that some terms have been put on the wrong side. I can admit this, for any table would be imperfect — and yet claim that there is a value in making a series of contrasts that will separate the old from the new. The real question is — have we two ways to reach the goal involved in our religious and moral thought, or are they all parts of a single, well-considered plan? Men have been made good by discipline and sacrifice, but they have also been made good by generosity and inspiration. Prayer purifies, but so, also, does enthusiastic work. If we have gone so far from the old scheme of salvation that no general return to it is possible, the only available plan of advance lies in the eradication of the deficit elements in our morality and religion. We would then have a virile morality and an ennobling religion

which would harmonize with the industrial qualities that make for material advances in civilization. Amusement, sports and industry would thus furnish the lower rounds of the ladder of progress, which, in its upper parts, would be continued indefinitely by morality, religion and culture. No progress based on material conditions can reach far enough to satisfy all the aspirations of men: on the other hand, it is equally true that morality, religion and culture do not reach far enough down to be effective means of raising men from the depth into which they sink.

We do not need a new religion, a new morality nor a new culture. They are already effective in their proper field: but we do need intenser motives for men subjected to depression and degeneration, and this gap cannot be filled by any of the older and already perfected schemes of social betterment. Civilization is failing through its success, for it

has created a class too low to be moved by it. By saving the weak, by preventing disease, by removing starvation and fear a lower type of men survives than was possible in the primitive world. In this lower realm, where religion and morality do not act, amusements and sports are the only effective motives to elevate men. Sport is the beginning of inspiration, just as amusement is the lower round of regeneration. Together they form a natural ladder giving motives of increasing intensity, through which the lowest men can be elevated to the plane where religion and culture act. Only the most elemental forces act on men depressed by overwork and degenerated by overcrowding. These evils affect us all by undermining the base upon which society rests, and that is why the moral agencies with the picture of whose summer sleep this sketch began, must open their doors and keep their lamps burning until the dawn if they

would deal with these two monstrous sins of product. Until they are overcome, sin walks abroad in the noontime, and the church sees it not; disease eats the mind of the scholar, and the school knows it not; lethargy, weariness, grime kill the color on the cheek of the girl, the fire in her eyes, the courage in her heart, and poetry mourns it not. Let them rouse themselves like living giants, and command us to let the Product go and to give men back their rights, their rights to time and space. Without them religion will not find the soul, education the mind, or poetry the heart of man.

THINGS WORTH WHILE

BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

(*In The Art of Life Series*)

IN the eighty-fifth year of a full and useful life, the distinguished author presents, in genial style, his views of the problems and perplexities which mean the most to the average man and woman. Sane, virile and helpful, this volume is one to be resorted to by young and old in times of stress.

12mo, cloth, 50 cents, *net;*
by mail - - 55 cents.

B. W. HUEBSCH

PUBLISHER - - - NEW YORK

THE USE OF THE MARGIN

By EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS

(*In The Art of Life Series*)

THE author's theme is the problem of utilizing the time one has to spend as one pleases for the aim of attaining the highest culture of mind and spirit. How to work and how to play; how to read and how to study, how to avoid intellectual dissipation and how to apply the open secrets of great achievement evidenced in conspicuous lives are among the many phases of the problem which he discusses, earnestly, yet with a light touch and not without humor.

12mo, cloth, 50 cents, *net;*
by mail, - - 55 cents.

B. W. HUEBSCH

PUBLISHER - - - NEW YORK

WHERE KNOWLEDGE FAILS

By EARL BARNES

(*In The Art of Life Series*)

FROM the pen of a scientific thinker, one whose attitude is liberal yet reverent, presenting the outlines of a belief in which the relations of knowledge and faith are clearly established. While his platform is certain to be seriously challenged, it is nevertheless true that many will find in it a solution of the most important problem present-day men and women have to cope with.

12mo, cloth, 50 cents, *net;*
by mail, - - 55 cents.

B. W. HUEBSCH
PUBLISHER - - - NEW YORK

Self-Measurement

A SCALE OF HUMAN VALUES WITH DIRECTIONS FOR PERSONAL APPLICATION

By WILLIAM DeWITT HYDE

President of Bowdoin College

(*In The Art of Life Series*)

MAN stands in a system of relations and he rises or falls as he fulfills or violates them. A scale showing these relations in all their degrees enables the reader to bring sharply to a focus the issues of life. The text explains the scale and makes it possible for us to see ourselves as others never could see us.

12mo, cloth, 50 cents, *net*;
by mail, - - 55 cents.

B. W. HUEBSCH

PUBLISHER NEW YORK

ary